

Haunted Hotels: A GUIDE TO THE STATE'S SPOOKIEST INNS

Inside Mystery Castle ■ Halloween in Jerome ■ JFK Slept Here

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

OCTOBER 2007

spectacular
scenic
drives

Looking for fall colors?
Grab this magazine and hit the road!

8 Spectacular Scenic Drives

New England gets most of the attention this time of year, and rightfully so. Still, Arizona has plenty of places to get a great dose of fall color. All you have to do is read our story, pile into the car and hit the road.

BY BOB ALBANO

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Plain ol' rocks to the untrained eye, some might say. A photographer looks closer with his camera and finds a spectacular world of color hidden inside stones collected in Arizona.

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A skittery writer samples Arizona's most-haunted hotels and finds out that ghosts really don't like him.

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BY ROGER NAYLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM MARSHALL

MAPLE MELODY Crimson and orange bigtooth maple leaves fall into the south fork of Cave Creek in southeastern Arizona's Chiricahua Mountains. See story, page 8. JACK DYKINGA

FRONT COVER Aspen trees begin the change into fall's golden coats along Weatherford Road in the Kachina Peaks Wilderness Area, north of Flagstaff. MOREY K. MILBRADT

■ To order a print, see information on opposite page.

BACK COVER A mottled aspen trunk serves as a backdrop for a wild rose in the San Francisco Peaks. The fruit, or hips, of the wild rose are used to make vitamin supplements, wine, jams and jellies. RANDY PRENTICE

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online arizonahighways.com

Last month the magazine offered fabulous footpaths to tread. This month, lay tire tread with our "Expanded Fall Drives Guide." To cruise a list of ideal autumn back roads, click the *Arizona Highways* online "Trip Planner." And if October finds you hankering for Arizona's authentic haunts, click on the "Haunted Arizona Guide" or follow along on the Superstition Death Loop trail. Find all this and more at arizonahighways.com.

WEEKEND GETAWAY Roger Naylor conjures up a frighteningly good tour of Jerome's culinary treats.

EXPERIENCE ARIZONA Plan a trip with our calendar of events.

Photographic Prints Available

■ Prints of some photographs are available for purchase, as designated in captions. To order, call toll-free (866) 962-1191 or visit www.magazineprints.com.



Great Scots

We'd like to congratulate you on a fantastic magazine. We've been receiving *Arizona Highways* as a Christmas gift for the last two to three years, and we enjoy every page of it. We've been lucky enough to visit Arizona for the last few years—it's the best place for a holiday vacation.

Jacqui and Brian Phillips,
Edinburgh, Scotland

Something Grand

I noticed that you and *National Geographic Adventure* both featured Grand Canyon National Park on your June 2007 covers. There really is something special about that grand place in Arizona. It was at Grandview Point during a summer vacation in 1975 where I met my wife. Among other hiking and camping visits to the Grand Canyon, we came back to that same lookout point on our 10th anniversary, and during our 25th anniversary we rafted down the Colorado River. After many years of reading your wonderful magazine, we'll be moving to Arizona just a couple weeks after our 30th anniversary—just hours away from the Canyon. So, when you feature something that's so special, we know what you mean. The Grand Canyon is a special place in our hearts.

Jay Israel, Paoli, Pennsylvania

I was surprised and pleased to see one of my favorite viewpoints in the Grand Canyon issue ("Viewfinder," June '07). My husband and I were married at Marble Viewpoint 24 years ago. I chose the spot for the fantastic "aisle" of aspens leading up to the point, and for its magnificent view and easy access. It's nice to know others think it's a great place too.

Janece Ohlman, Kayenta

All About Eden

The May 2007 issue of *Arizona Highways* was as enjoyable as they always are. However, I thought I should comment on the photo of water clover on page 24 ("Wild Eden"). There are two species of *Marsilea* (*M. mollis* and *M. vestita*) in Arizona, and they're both native. Although there are introduced water clovers elsewhere in the U.S., the ones in Arizona are widespread but sporadic components of the flora. These aquatic ferns have amazingly complex reproductive structures and interesting life histories. Recent research at the University of Arizona by

John Reeder, Kathryn Mauz and others is also uncovering some tiny weevils with life histories that are tied intimately to these ferns, including at least one species that is entirely new to science. Invasive exotic plants have become so ubiquitous in Arizona landscapes that your magazine is no longer troubled by printing beautiful landscape images with red brome and other non-native weeds interspersed with the native wildflowers. However, the water clovers are not part of this rogues' gallery of alien invaders!

George Yatskievych, Missouri Botanical Garden,
St. Louis, Missouri

I am both thankful for and amazed by the brilliant pictures and inspiring writing in "Wild Eden" (May '07). I hiked up to Atascosa Lookout in November 2006, and I knew right away that the Tumacacori Highlands are a special place. Jack Dykinga's photographs captured the natural beauty that I trust Congress will act to preserve. I look forward to taking my family to walk that wild ground and see that amazing place. For my friends who wink and nod at my tales of the splendor of southern Arizona, I now have "Wild Eden" as proof.

Mike Jarrell, Newark, Delaware

An Axle to Grind

I was amused by the story on the dumbest driver in the history of the Grand Canyon, L. Wing of Los Angeles, who drove to the bottom of the Canyon in 1914 ("Drive-thru Canyon," June '07). You say the roadster he used "negotiated the sand, steep grades and axel-hungry boulders." You omit the fact that Mr. Wing apparently was an ice skater. I can just imagine the *axel*-hungry boulders chewing up his beautiful jumps on the ice he encountered. Or was it his *axles* that the boulders were chomping on?

Robert F. Longley, Green Valley

Editor's note: You're probably right, Robert, but from the looks of that roadster, anything is possible.

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highways on tv

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BRANDON SULLIVAN

"ARE WE THERE YET?" It's a question kids have been asking their parents since the invention of the wheel. From the perspective of a car seat, everything looks about the same—there's no such thing as a scenic drive. From the perspective of the front seat, things are different. Whether you drive an SUV or a four-door sedan, there's nothing like a road trip into the heart of the great outdoors. Especially in Arizona.

Back in the day, before Google Maps and MapQuest, the nation's most scenic drives were known as "blue highways" (on road maps, they were marked in blue). Like the Pinto, the Pacer and the wood-paneled station wagon, that term has been relegated to the glove box of pop culture. The highways themselves, however, still exist, and they go through places like Why, Arizona, and Whynot, Mississippi. In the same way that Route 66 is more interesting than I-40, these drives offer character, characters and the unexpected. And isn't that the whole point of a road trip?

Steinbeck and Kerouac seemed to think so. And so did William Least Heat-Moon, who wrote in his brilliant bestseller, *Blue Highways*, "Any traveler who misses the journey, misses about all he's going to get." In this month's cover story, we'll tell you about five of Arizona's most scenic journeys. Fall color is the main attraction for each, but you'll also get a healthy dose of rocks and trees and birds in the sky.

The North Rim Parkway is a good example. Among other things, this 44-mile route, which runs from Jacob Lake to the North Rim of the Canyon, passes through grassy meadows, groves of gold-colored aspens and dense forests of Douglas firs. Along the way, you might catch a glimpse of mule deer, wild turkeys or even a California condor. And then, of course, there's the Seventh Natural Wonder, which is the high point of the trip. Although this drive is hard to beat, all five are something special—no matter which trip you take, there's a lot to look at as you look out the window. What you won't see, presumably, are ghosts. For that, you'll have to go to Flagstaff.

Like the condors to the north, there's no guarantee you'll see any spirits in Flagstaff, but a night at the Hotel Monte Vista offers as good a chance as any. As Roger Naylor writes in "Somebody Said Boo," "For sheer number and diversity, the Monte Vista's roster of spooks stacks up against anyone's."

In addition to the crying baby—a ghost that once chased a maintenance man from the basement—there's the woman who rocks by the window in Room 305, the murdered prostitutes in Room 306, and the bellboy who knocks on doors and whispers "room service." It's the bellboy that John Wayne encountered during one of his stays at the hotel. Yup. Even The Duke saw a ghost. Was it real? Unreal? I don't know, but if you're looking for something a little different this Halloween, check out this

If you're looking for something a little different this Halloween, check into one of the state's "haunted" hotels. See page 34.
RICHARD MAACK



story and check into the Monte Vista—or the Hassayampa Inn in Prescott or the Copper Queen in Bisbee. They're all haunted. The Mystery Castle, however, is not.

Instead of ghosts, visitors to this historic site in South Phoenix will find an odd fortress featuring balconies, towers and mismatched windows. What's more, it's made of colorful rocks, discarded materials and homemade mortar. And that's just the outside. Inside, things are even more unusual. Intriguing might be a better word.

How else to describe a home comprising 18 cavernous rooms—including a dungeon—filled with treasures of stuffed animals, priceless family heirlooms, a "pet rock" collection and other knickknacks, scraps and strange relics? Although Mary Lou Gulley still lives in the "castle" her father built in the first half of the last century, the structure is anything but typical.

In "Mystery Castle of the Desert," JoBeth Jamison tells the heartwarming story of Ms. Gulley and her fascinating home, a place that's been named one of Phoenix's "Points of Pride." As you'll see, the Mystery Castle is a trip back in time—to the days of blue highways and wood-paneled station wagons. And it's a trip worth taking. "Are we there yet?"

— Robert Stieve
rstieve@arizonahighways.com



For more scenic drives in Arizona, check out our new book, *The Back Roads*. Now in its fifth edition, *The Back Roads* (\$19.95) features 40 of the state's most scenic drives. To order a copy, call (800) 543-5432 or visit arizonahighways.com.

Wilderness Survival Test

Prepare for the worst

"BE PREPARED." It's more than just the Boy Scout Motto. For *Arizona Highways* photographer Lon McAdam, these are words to live by.

McAdam confronted a life-and-death situation on a recent trek through the harsh and unforgiving Superstition Wilderness. Shrewd preparation and backcountry savvy got him home in one piece.

"I called this the 'final push,'" McAdam says. "My oldest son, Travis, and I had been hiking to this canyon and exploring the lower reaches. Gaining a better understanding of the canyon, we now could plan the final push."

Familiar with the terrain and water sources along the route, they plotted a nine-day trip up Rough Canyon to the summit of Cimeron Mountain. There, they would celebrate the completion of a journey more than three years in the making. But when the time came to go, neither Travis nor McAdam's usual hiking buddies could accompany him.

"It's either stay home and dream, or go solo," the 54-year-old McAdam says. "Solitude in the backcountry has been a companion I've kept since my teenage years. I've spent a thousand days alone in the wilderness."

In the cool days of early April, McAdam set out alone. His backpack was heavy with camera gear, food, water and other necessities of wilderness survival, including a rented satellite telephone. He'd also left a detailed map marking his campsites in Rough Canyon with his wife, Toni. No reason to think this trip would be any different from past solo treks.

On his second night in the canyon, McAdam called Toni to let her know everything was fine. The next day that all changed. Scrambling through a boulder-strewn section of the creek bed, he stumbled and went down hard, fracturing his left kneecap on the rocks. Immediately he tried calling Toni, but trees overhead interfered with the satellite signal. He shoved the phone back into his pack and moved into a clearing. In the heat of the moment, he inadvertently knocked the bite valve off his hydration pack, dousing the phone and rendering it useless.

"It was just a simple little trip," McAdam said. "I broke my knee, drenched my phone and pretty much realized I was screwed."

Shaken but alert, McAdam assessed the wreckage of his big adventure. Just three days into his conquest of Rough Canyon and the trip was suddenly over. Anticipation turned to disappointment. With his phone out of commission and Toni not expecting him home for another six days, he knew he'd have to endure the long wait for rescue in extreme pain. After



stabilizing his knee with duct tape, he crawled up a hillside to position his blue tarp where searchers might spot it.

Once a secure camp was set up, McAdam's focus shifted to another concern. This is bear country. He knew they frequented this drainage from all the bear scat he had seen. Restricted mobility made it impossible to keep his food a safe distance from the campsite, but he was able to hoist it over a high branch in a nearby tree.

"I'm never without a can of pepper spray on my person when I'm in bear country, and I let bears know I'm in the vicinity by whistling and occasional bellows of some sort," he said.

With little to do but wait, McAdam finally picked up his camera, turning it on himself to document his ordeal.

When he failed to return home on schedule, Toni called Pinal County Sheriff's Office to report her husband missing. To aid in the search, she contacted the satellite phone company to pinpoint the location of his last call. Reliable information on his whereabouts prompted the quick dispatch of a search helicopter to Rough Canyon.

The sound of the approaching chopper alerted McAdam that rescue had arrived. Reflections from his small signal mirror caught searchers' attention, and soon he was enjoying an aerial view of the Superstition Mountains he hadn't expected on this hike. Within hours he was back home surrounded by family.

Surgery and rehab to repair his busted knee have curbed his hiking for now, but this painful episode is not the final chapter of his story in the aptly named Rough Canyon. "I will complete my trek eventually," McAdam says. He holds no grudge against the canyon that chewed him up and spit him out.

McAdam once wrote, "Those of us who venture into the wilderness know full well that the biggest threat to survival is the image in our mirrors. Our success or failure, our life or death, depend on the decisions we make in the backcountry. We'd never blame the landscape or natural forces for our mistakes."

A publisher has approached him about telling his story of survival in an upcoming book. He says there are things he'll do differently next time, but the story has a happy ending because he was prepared. And if McAdam does write the book, it should be required reading for all Boy Scouts. ■

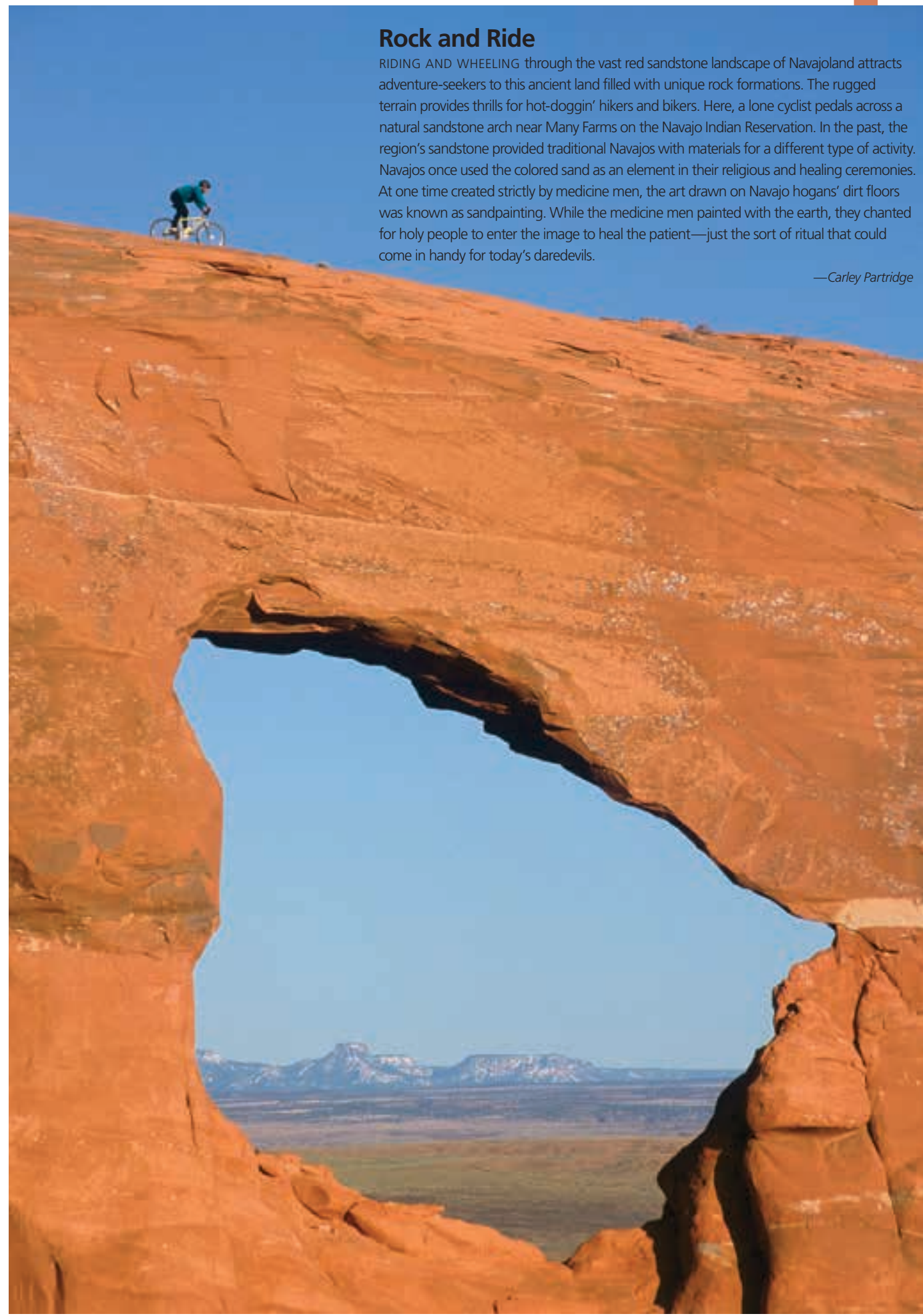
BEFORE THE FALL Lon McAdam was all smiles when he posed for a self-portrait above Rough Canyon on day two of a nine-day solo trek. On the fateful third day, it became a test of his survival skills.
LON MCADAM

taking the off-ramp

Rock and Ride

RIDING AND WHEELING through the vast red sandstone landscape of Navajoland attracts adventure-seekers to this ancient land filled with unique rock formations. The rugged terrain provides thrills for hot-doggin' hikers and bikers. Here, a lone cyclist pedals across a natural sandstone arch near Many Farms on the Navajo Indian Reservation. In the past, the region's sandstone provided traditional Navajos with materials for a different type of activity. Navajos once used the colored sand as an element in their religious and healing ceremonies. At one time created strictly by medicine men, the art drawn on Navajo hogans' dirt floors was known as sandpainting. While the medicine men painted with the earth, they chanted for holy people to enter the image to heal the patient—just the sort of ritual that could come in handy for today's daredevils.

—Carley Partridge



BILL HATCHER

Jay-Six Welcomed JFK

THE JAY-SIX RANCH near Benson in southeast Arizona hosted some very interesting guests. One-time owner Jack Spieden and his wife, Caroline, welcomed celebrities like author Thornton Wilder and Sen. Barry Goldwater, as well as another famous politician, John F. Kennedy (right). During a break from college in 1936, JFK and his older brother, Joe, spent the summer at the couple's ranch, building an adobe house that served as a ranch office. Spieden often referred to that building as "the house that Jack built."

—Sally Benford



TRIMBLE'S TALL TALES

ARIZONA'S FIRST COWBOY movie star was actually a cowgirl. Dorothy Fay Southworth, a native of Prescott, went off to Hollywood in the 1930s and soon became a leading lady in Westerns. After becoming a movie star, she married her leading man, Tex Ritter, in Prescott on June 14, 1941. Their son, John Ritter, was a popular television actor who died in 2003.

—Marshall Trimble, Arizona State Historian



Caught in the Act

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY with anything anymore. Consider the rock squirrel in the Tonto National Forest just doing his job—digging. Consider the families of ringtails (left) and coati mundis, the happy chatterers related to raccoons. They were just doing some traveling in the Saguaro National Park, and, without so much as a "Quiet on the set," hidden cameras clicked.

Don Swann, biological technician with Saguaro National Park, east and west of Tucson, explains the camera work as a "nonobtrusive way of getting really solid data." Cameras located in remote areas of this and other parks are tripped by animals breaking an infrared beam of light. The photographs provide an inventory of the resident and traveling mammals.

Interesting finds include the prevalence of mountain lions in the park and the photographic sighting of the elusive Mexican opossum.

Recently, another traveler also found his puss on camera. A jaguar tripped a motion-sensitive camera set up south of Tucson. The four-legged star wearing spots moved on, never hearing the applause of those who saw the film.

—Kathleen Walker

Please Your Palate in Prescott

PRESCOTT COLLEGE'S Crossroads Cafe serves from-scratch, locally grown organic food with a twist: A designated staff forager gathers unusual greens to complement the cuisine. Students grow some of the produce at the college's experimental sustainable-agriculture facility, Wolfberry Farm, located in Chino Valley, 20 miles north of Prescott. This year's crop includes cucurbits—squashes and melons adapted to the dry, windy climate of the region.

The cafe, which spreads the word to "think globally and eat



Santa Cruz County Is for the Birds

THE INFERENCE THAT SANTA CRUZ COUNTY has gone to the birds is not a criticism; it's a compliment. Birds are a major factor in a tourism campaign to draw visitors to the state's smallest county. The area was already a hot spot for birders who like live action, and now bird sculptures have been added to the mix.

Ten avian artworks have been spread across the county at resorts, offices and parks as beacons that direct visitors to places of interest. The sculptures vary in species from roadrunner to owl, and in dimension from a life-sized dove to a hawk attached to a 15-foot steel beam. Materials used in the sculptures include scrap-metal, clay, bronze, tin and ceramics.

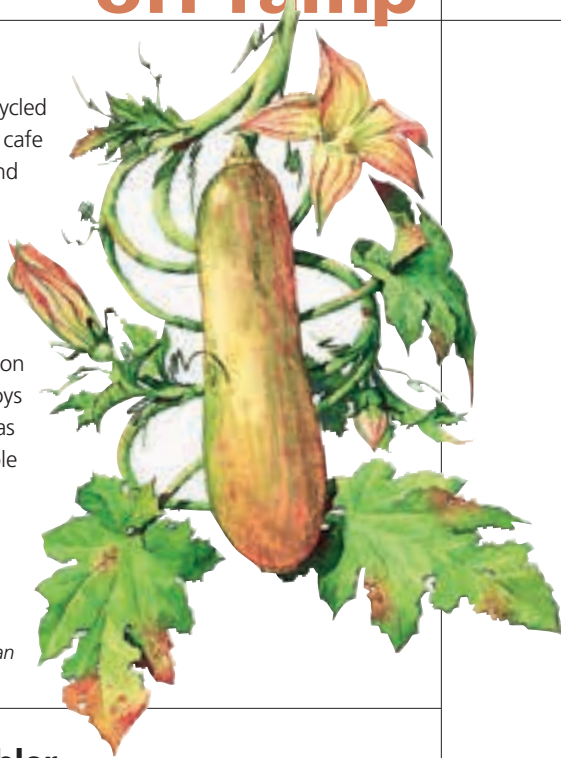
David Voisard's *The Birdwatcher* (above) is a whimsical work crafted from rusted car parts purchased at junkyards. It stands at the Amado Territorial Inn. On the other end of the spectrum looms Marlene Knutson's *The Magnificent Turkey Vulture*, a delicate bronze head mounted onto a body covered with copper feathers. It's in the lobby of Esplendor Resort in Rio Rico.

A sign giving directions to the next bird accompanies each sculpture, and maps of the "trail of the birds" are available at visitors centers and resorts throughout the county. Bird sculpture fans intent on seeing all 10 works can make the trek in about three hours if they don't dawdle—but only for the time being because the tourism council plans to add another five birds within the next two years.

Information: Tubac-Santa Cruz Visitor Center, (520) 398-0007; www.toursantacruz.com.

—Sam Lowe

off-ramp



locally," is decorated with recycled brick from Tubman's, the tiny cafe formerly located on its site, and small colored-glass medicine bottles recovered in excavation of the historic Sisters of Mercy Hospital. True to its mission of providing experiential education in eco-cuisine, the cafe employs 25 Prescott College students as it serves healthy and affordable food to the college and surrounding community.

Information: (928) 350-1400; www.prescott.edu/cafe/index.html.

—Will Waterman

Gentleman Gambler

DON'T DRIVE STATE ROUTE 75 east of Safford without stopping at the historical marker at Milepost 392. It honors Felix B. Knox, who died near there in 1882.

Accompanied by his wife, a hired driver and the driver's wife, mother and child, Knox was headed from New Mexico to Clifton, with a stop in between at York Ranch. He was warned of Apaches ahead, but insisted on continuing. A short distance west of the ranch the Indians opened fire.

Knox grabbed his rifle and told his driver to turn the wagon around and flee. Knox's intention was to hold off the renegades and save his family, but he was shot in the head.

Out of respect for his valor, the Apaches did not mutilate his body. According to one account, his body was found neatly laid out, hands folded on his chest, with a silk handkerchief draped over his face and held down by four carefully placed pebbles.

Knox's profession: cattleman and gambler.

—Leo W. Banks



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PEAK EXPERIENCE Blanketed by an early snowfall, the San Francisco Peaks tower over aspens dressed for autumn in the Hart Prairie area of Coconino National Forest.
ROBERT G. McDONALD
■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.



ROBERT G. McDONALD

SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS

Winding around the San Francisco Peaks through Hart Prairie, Hochderffer Hills, Lockett Meadow and Schultz Pass, this route brims with gold. Along the way, there are hiking trails and picnic spots.

Begin in Flagstaff at the junction of U.S. Route 180 (Humphreys Street) and Historic Route 66. Drive northwest on U.S. 180 for 10.8 miles to Forest Service Road 151. Turn right (north).

Continue on FR 151 for 12 miles to Forest Service Road 418. Turn right (east) and go 16.4 miles to Forest Service Road 552 and turn right for an optional trip to Lockett Meadow below Sugarloaf Peak. Return to FR 418, and turn right for a 2-mile drive to U.S. Route 89. Turn right (toward Flagstaff). Drive 1.7 miles to Forest Service Road 420, Schultz Pass Road, and drive west to 180. Turn left to return to Flagstaff.

NEW ENGLAND GETS MOST OF THE ATTENTION THIS TIME OF YEAR, AND RIGHTFULLY SO. STILL, ARIZONA HAS PLENTY OF PLACES TO GET A GREAT DOSE OF FALL COLOR. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS READ THIS STORY, PILE INTO THE CAR AND HIT THE ROAD. ❖ BY BOB ALBANO



Autumn approaches, arousing our instinct to search for color in Arizona's backcountry, but there's more to the season than the hues of turning leaves. While exuding solitude and the shimmer of golden aspen leaves, back-road trips also give us a chance to see deer, elk, antelope, turkeys and other wild birds—and the promise of adventure.

In helping develop the Arizona Highways Book Division's latest book—*The Back Roads*—being released in October, I traveled back roads all across the state. One of those trips brought me to the Hannagan Meadow Lodge, where 32 years ago with my wife, Margo, and son, Greg, I began one leg of an 18-day trip that looped through Arizona. This leg stretched from Hannagan Meadow in Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests over some 70 miles of back roads to Fort Apache and Whiteriver on the White Mountain Apache Reservation.

Perhaps it's the scenic diversity of this trip that lodged it in my memory.

The route's visual delicacies include roads winding under a canopy of ever-greens and across meadows, the turning aspens, the reds of trees and other vegetation along mountain streams and lakes and the blooms of mule's ears, mullein, devil's claw and cinquefoil. Like a first love, an adventurer never forgets such a trip.

Many of Arizona's higher elevations rival their New England counterparts in their multihued array of fall color beginning in late September, exhibiting lovely cloaks of golds, oranges and reds until early November. So, follow along with us on Arizona's back roads to experience one of Mother Nature's most magnificent shows.

SHADES OF AUTUMN Ferns and aspens paint the landscape with brilliant shades of orange and gold in the Kachina Peaks Wilderness (right). Located in the Coconino National Forest, the wilderness area encompasses 18,960 acres and offers numerous trails for hiking and horseback riding. TOM TILL

■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

CONTRASTING COLORS Golden aspens radiate against the shadowy backdrop of the San Francisco Peaks (below). NICK BEREZENKO





MOREY K. MILL BRADY

ESCUILLA MOUNTAIN

IN THE WOODS The charred remains of a fir tree stand next to a grove of quaking aspen trees ablaze with fall color on Escudilla Mountain. JACK DYKINGA

■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.



BLAZING BEAUTY The sun sets on a shimmering golden aspen in the Escudilla Mountain Wilderness. RANDY PRENTICE

MUTED REFLECTION Evening falls on Hulsey Lake and Escudilla Mountain (right). At an elevation of 8,600 feet, the lake is a popular ice-fishing destination in the winter. RANDY PRENTICE

■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.



ALPINE TO ESCUDILLA MOUNTAIN

If you want to experience high elevations, make this short drive from Alpine to Terry Flat and Escudilla Mountain. When you reach Terry Flat, a huge meadow just off the brow of Escudilla Mountain appears, and you'll be above 10,000 feet. You may find yourself huffing and puffing if you go for a walk, but it's worth the effort. The hiking trail up Escudilla Mountain is one of the most beautiful in Arizona, and the dense aspen forest in the first mile turns golden during the first weeks of October. A high-clearance vehicle is sufficient for this trip.

Begin in Alpine at the junction of U.S. Route 191 and U.S. Route 180, and continue north on the combined U.S. 191-180 for 6 miles (between mileposts 420 and 421) to Forest Service Road 56. Turn right (east). There's no sign on 191-180 marking the turnoff, but there is a turnoff lane. Immediately after the turnoff, Forest Service signs label the dirt road as 8056, indicating Hulsey Lake at 2 miles away and Terry Flat at 5.

About 1.3 miles along FR 56, a road to the left leads a quarter-mile to Hulsey Lake.

Continue on FR 56 past a junction with FR 56A (which leads to Watts Creek) for 3.7 miles to a fork. Bear right for a 6-mile loop drive around Terry Flat, staying left at upcoming forks except the one that occurs at 4.3 miles along the east side of the loop. Bear right there. At 5.5 miles along the loop, there's an entry point for Escudilla National Recreation Trail 308. At 6 miles you're back at the start of the loop for a return to 191-180. Turn left to return to Alpine.





JERRY SIEVE

CHIRICAHUA MOUNTAINS

HANDLE WITH CARE Schott's yuccas spread their daggerlike leaves in a sea of red maples. One of nine species of yucca in Arizona, Schott's yucca leaf fibers are used to make mats, baskets, cloth, rope and sandals. ROBERT G. McDONALD

■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.



PORTAL TO THE CHIRICAHUA NATIONAL MONUMENT

ou'll venture briefly into New Mexico to reach the town of Portal at the mouth of Cave Creek Canyon in the northeastern quarter of the Chiricahua Mountains. At drive's end, you'll explore a "wonderland of rocks," as the Chiricahua National Monument is sometimes dubbed.

The Chiricahuas are a sky island, the term applied to a mountain rising from a desert-and-grassland floor. Animal life here includes a huge variety of birds, including elegant trogons, hummingbirds and blue mockingbirds, and all sorts of mammals ranging from black bears, mountain lions, bobcats and gray foxes to deer, raccoons and chipmunks. In these mountains, autumn brings out the reds and yellows of maples, sycamores, Arizona cypress, cottonwoods and, of course, aspens.

Portal is a delightful village with a cafe, lodging and an art gallery.

Begin in New Mexico at Exit 5 on Interstate 10. Turn south onto U.S. Route 80 and drive about 28 miles to Portal Road (also called Forest Service Road 42) and turn right (west).

Alternate start: From Douglas, Arizona, drive about 51 miles northeast on State Route 80 (through Rodeo, New Mexico) to the Portal Road turnoff and turn left (west).

Go west on Portal Road for 7 miles to Portal and turn left at the junction of FR 42 and FR 42B.

Follow 42 for about 21 miles to State Route 181, about 4 miles east of its junction with State Route 186. Turn right for a brief ride to the entrance of Chiricahua National Monument. The road ends in about 13 miles at Massai Point.

Backtrack to the junction of State 181-186 and turn right onto 186 for a 35-mile drive to Interstate 10 in Willcox.



FLOWING INTO FALL

In the Chiricahua Mountains, the South Fork of Cave Creek (left) flows past bigtooth maples adorned in autumn colors. A popular bird-watching area, this Cave Creek tributary is home to more than 300 species of birds. CHUCK LAWSEN

VISION IN GOLD Bigtooth maple trees form a colorful canopy over the South Fork of Cave Creek (right). Closely related to sugar maple trees found in the northeastern United States, the bigtooth maples can also be tapped for syrup in late winter. PAUL GILL

■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.





CHUCK LAWSEN

NORTH KAIBAB

NORTH RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON



If you're wondering where Mother Nature spends most of her time, this is it. The Canyon, the fall weather, the quiet . . . there's nothing quite like the North Rim and its 44-mile parkway.

From Flagstaff, take U.S. Route 89 north for 110 miles to U.S. Route 89A (about 25 miles south of Page). Go west on U.S. 89A for 55 miles to Jacob Lake. The scenic drive starts on State Route 67 at Jacob Lake and continues for 30 miles to the entrance of Grand Canyon National Park on the North Rim—the Rim itself is 14 miles farther south. Named for Jacob Hamblin, a Mormon pioneer known as the “buckskin apostle,” Jacob Lake is the home of the oldest existing ranger station in the United States. It's worth a look. From Jacob Lake, the road heads south for a few miles through a gorgeous stand of ponderosa pines and quaking aspens. Moving on, the plateau gradually rises to a point where the Douglas and white firs take over. These dense, mixed-conifer forests are an ideal place to spot wildlife. Be on the lookout for mule deer, wild turkeys, Kaibab squirrels and maybe even a California condor. Continuing south, the forest changes again near Crane Lake. Here, Engelmann spruce and subalpine firs rule the roost. Perhaps even more enjoyable, though, are the large grassy meadows. If you haven't taken any photos up to this point, get your camera ready—this is where the deer and the antelope play. Eventually, you'll cross into the national park, which features dozens of hikes, picnic areas, the Grand Canyon Lodge and, of course, one of the seven natural wonders of the world. No wonder Mother Nature spends so much time here. —*Robert Stieve*

ON THE RIM Golden aspen leaves signal the season's arrival along the East Rim of the Grand Canyon in the Saddle Mountain Wilderness (left). The wilderness area covers close to 40,610 acres of rugged terrain and contains numerous trails for day-hiking, backpacking and cross-country skiing. PAUL GILL

■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.



A CHANGE OF SEASON Aspens in various stages of changing color mingle with evergreens on the East Rim of the Grand Canyon in the Kaibab National Forest.
PAUL GILL

To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.



ROBERT G. McDONALD

HANNAGAN MEADOW

HIGH COUNTRY Aspens line the highway south of Alpine in the White Mountains (top). Surrounded by the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, Alpine sits at an elevation of 8,050 feet. LAURENCE PARENT

AUTUMN SNOW An early snowfall dusts a forest road (left) near Hannagan Meadow in the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests. LAURENCE PARENT

HANNAGAN MEADOW TO FORT APACHE

Begin at Hannagan Meadow Lodge and turn left (north) onto U.S. Route 191. Drive 8.4 miles to Forest Service Road 26, turn left (west) and drive 9.6 miles to a junction. There, a sign indicates that FR 26 has come to an end, and the East Fork of the Black River is 3 miles to the right (north) on Forest Service Road 24.

Turn right onto FR 24. When you reach the East Fork, a sign indicates that a road leading off to the right (east) goes to Buffalo Crossing Campground. Continue across the East Fork bridge on FR 24 for another 0.1 of a mile to a junction with Forest Service Road 25.

Turn left (west) onto FR 25; at 1.1 miles beyond the junction, you'll cross the West Fork of the Black River flowing across a broad meadow. Continue for another 2.5 miles to a junction with Forest Service Road 68 on the right. FR 68 leads to the West Fork Recreation Area, and if you have time, it's worth the hour or so it'll take to visit the area and return to the junction of 68 and 25.

If you skip the side trip, continue westward on 25 for 2.8 miles beyond 68 to Forest Service Road 72 and turn right (north). Now, you'll meander for 6.5 miles through Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests to Forest Service Road 116.

Turn left (west) onto FR 116, and in 1.1 miles you'll cross onto the White Mountain Apache Reservation and pass a signed turnoff for Reservation Lake. (Before traveling on White Mountain Apache Reservation back roads, you'll need to purchase a reservation permit, (928) 338-4385.) Bear left at the turnoff and you're on Indian Route Y20 traveling south. In 3 miles you'll pass a turnoff on the left for Drift Fence Lake, and another mile brings you to a turnoff on the right for Hurricane Lake. Continue on Indian Y20 for 4 more miles to an intersection with Indian Route Y55. Turn left to visit Pacheta Lake (a four-wheel-drive vehicle is recommended for the leg to Pacheta), or turn right for a 34-mile drive to Fort Apache and Whiteriver.

THE
INNER
WORLD
OF

STONES

ONCE UPON A TREE Submerged eons ago in mineral-rich water, the once-living tissue of an ancient tree has been replaced in petrification by silica from dissolved volcanic ash and tinted red from hematite, yellow from iron hydroxide and green from chromium, appreciated as a close-up composition by inventor-turned-photographer Bill Atkinson.



B

ill Atkinson sees the world through different eyes. An inventor, designer and thinker, he built a darkroom at the age of 14 and began to print photographs—at first black and white, then color. His mother had given him a subscription to *Arizona Highways* four years before, in 1961, and Bill, a native Californian, cites the photographs he clipped from the magazine as early inspirations for his lifelong fascination with both photography and the outdoors. In the early 1970s, Bill found another avenue to explore: the world of the computer. Attending college in San Diego, he became friends with a visual arts professor named Jef Raskin, who encouraged Bill's experiments in computer-animated film, among them one that showed the movement of air pollution through the Los Angeles area. Bill went on to do graduate work in neuroscience, making the first computer animation of the human brain, one that's still used in medical schools today. He then signed on with a new company near his California hometown—Apple Computer. Bill designed much of the interface for the Lisa computer, along the way inventing the pull-down menu commonly used. He went on to work on the first Macintosh computer, creating many of its programs. But whenever he could, he headed outdoors and made photographs. And not long after becoming a full-time photographer in 1995, Bill found his way to Arizona. "In 1999," he recalls, "while I was photographing the Arizona landscape at Petrified Forest, I became intrigued by the colors and shapes hidden inside the rocks." He began to collect specimens bought at rock shops and events such as Tucson's annual Gem and Mineral Show, perfecting techniques of lighting and scanning that bring the lens of his camera ever deeper into the secret world of stone, processes to yield images that take on the appearance of abstract paintings and invite long study and meditation. ■■

EDITOR'S NOTE: Bill Atkinson's book, *Within the Stone: Nature's Abstract Rock Art*, BrownTrout Publishers Inc., 2004, presents 72 of the artist's best photographs that include his unique images of petrified wood as well as varieties of stone from around the world.

Photographs by Bill Atkinson □ By Gregory McNamee

SIGNS OF LIFE A vein of carbon—associated with vegetable matter—streaks like black lightning through the vivid hues of this sample (actually, just one inch across) indicating that petrification is not entirely complete.

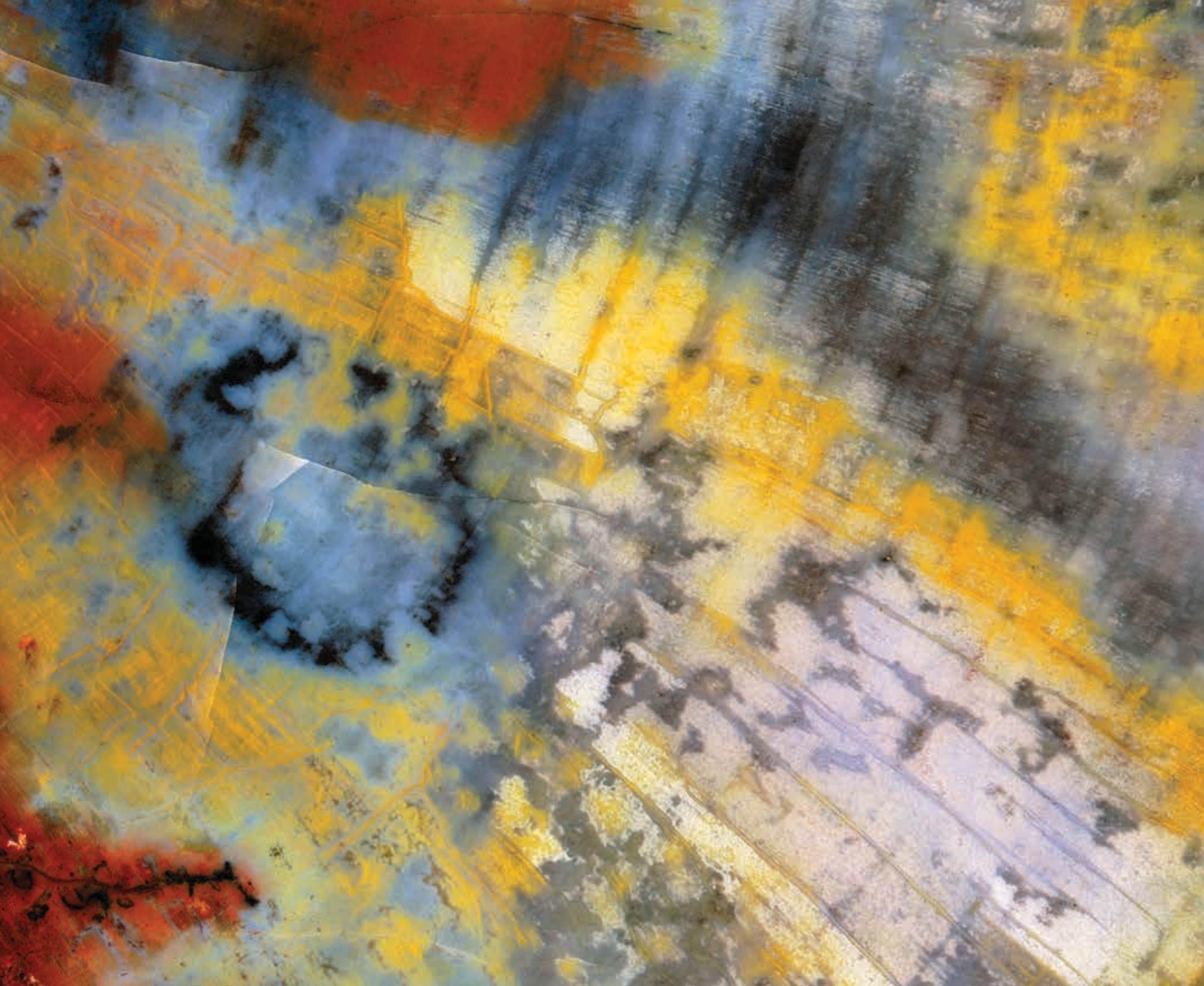


CLEAN-CUT BREAK Though nearly as hard as diamonds and rubies, petrified wood's cylindrical quartz content (right) is also brittle, causing it to break cleanly as though sawn when subjected to intense pressure, such as the uplifting of the Colorado Plateau.

DEBARKED AND DEBRANCHED Despite the barklike appearance of a petrified stump's outer layer (below), in reality, branches and bark of petrified wood fall off soon after the tree dies.

THAT'S HEAVY, MAN Petrified wood (far right), with its nearly solid quartz content, weighs roughly 150 pounds per cubic foot.





ROCK SOLID Much petrified wood is used in gift-related items such as jewelry and coffee-table curiosities. But, inspired by his photographic subjects' bold patterns and colors, Atkinson says, "These rocks are the art, not what man makes of them."



IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT

A ghostly glare glows from the streetlights in front of Prescott's Hassayampa Inn. Some say that Faith, the inn's resident ghost, makes her presence known to guests—especially those who choose to stay in the room where she spent her 1927 honeymoon.

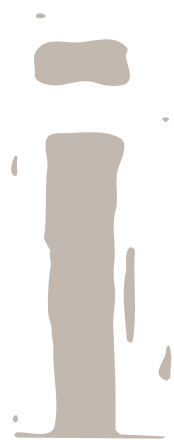
SOMEBODY SAID

BOO

A skittery writer
samples
Arizona's
most-
haunted
hotels

BY ROGER NAYLOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MAACK



woke shuddering, cold as the shady side of a tombstone. Now, this was the paranormal confrontation I expected at the Copper Queen Hotel in Bisbee.

Because I requested the hotel's most-haunted accommodations, the staff installed me in 315, the Julia Lowell Room. A prostitute from the early 1900s, Julia favored 315 when plying her trade at the Copper Queen. Sadly, after being rejected by the man she loved, Julia took her own life. Today, her restless spirit lingers, as the story goes, appearing most often to male guests. She smiles and whispers and even dances seductively at the foot of the bed.

Now I seemed to be in her ghostly crosshairs. Only the presence of the departed could cast such an eerie chill, could freeze the very marrow of . . . wait a minute.

False alarm. Turned out it was just my wife's icy feet pressed against me. Poor kid forgot to pack her sleeping socks and she suffers worse circulation than the *Tofu Weekly* in cattle country.

I shouldn't have been surprised. Ghosts don't like me.

I swoon for historic hotels. Grande dames like the Copper Queen, the Hassayampa Inn in Prescott and the Hotel Monte Vista in Flagstaff reveal the splendor of their youth in elegant bone structure and graceful lines. They've been lovingly restored after some hard times and now blush with character, charm and, since no history comes without a dollop of tragedy, ghost stories.

"I believe we have seven ghosts," said Copper Queen night clerk Candace Stewart. "But they're not scary. They're very polite and like to keep to their own agenda."

An agenda that did not include me. After rolling clear of the tundra toes, I tumbled back into dreamland and snoozed the night away with nary a goose bump raised. Instead of standing on end, my hair reclined like it hadn't a care in the world. It may have been the least spooky night I ever experienced.

Recently at the Hassayampa Inn in Prescott, I luxuriated also without incident in the Balcony Suite, called Faith's Room. In 1927, a honeymooning couple checked into the Hassayampa Inn. The husband went out for cigarettes and never returned. Three days later, Faith, the despondent wife, climbed into the bell tower and hanged herself. Some say she appears today floating through the room and down fourth-floor hallways. The scent of lilac follows her. Sometimes she weeps. She disapproves when things are moved around.

After an early encounter, Renae Bell, Hassayampa's director of housekeeping, never enters the room without announcing herself to keep on Faith's good side.

"That's a very active room. One couple came downstairs demanding to know if the hotel was haunted," said Bell. "When the husband took a shower he felt someone washing his back. He started to say something to his wife but saw that she was

still sitting on the bed. Another time a man was in the shower and got out to find his clothes all laid out for him. Faith really favors the men."

Great. Not only am I unpopular with ghosts in general, the flirty ones don't find me attractive.

Hoping my luck would change, I checked into the Hotel Monte Vista in Flagstaff where even no-nonsense John Wayne saw a ghost. For sheer number and diversity, the Monte V's roster of spooks stacks up against anyone's.

Photographer Richard Maack, general manager Saffron Coons and I huddled in the low-ceilinged lounge swapping ghoulish tales. We were one painted van and a talking dog shy of a "Scooby Doo" episode.

Besides the crying baby that once chased Coons and a maintenance man out of the basement, there's the woman who rocks by the window in 305, the murdered prostitutes who waken guests in 306 with chilling glares, the phantom bellboy (spotted by Wayne) who knocks on doors and declares "room service" in muffled tones, and my favorite, the bank robber.

In 1970, three men robbed a bank and stopped at the Monte Vista lounge to celebrate, although one had gotten himself shot during the getaway. While toasting newfound wealth, the wounded man died. Now, numerous bar patrons report being greeted by a cheery voice proclaiming, "Good morning."

I love that optimism. Here's a guy who made mistakes, sure, yet his spirit seems content. He doesn't menace, doesn't make bottles fly around the room. He just delivers a jolly salutation and loiters, as if hoping somebody will buy one last round.

In the name of research, I spent the evening haunting a barstool. Sadly, I heard not a peep from my invisible drinking buddy. On the spine-tingly side of midnight, I climbed the narrow stairway to my room, each step groaning like a herniated gravedigger.

First thing I noticed upon entering, a bottle of shampoo I had placed on the tub now lay on the floor. Gravity? Maybe. Or maybe someone from the Other Side deliberately waited until I was out, then wafted in to visit. That would be appropriate.

Ghosts don't like me. **AH**

Cottonwood resident Roger Naylor has witnessed strange and unexplained events in the past. On this trip, however, it was all restful nights and untroubled dreams.

Experiencing banging doors and moving furniture on previous photographic excursions for Arizona Highways helped prepare Richard Maack and crew for further ghostly contingencies at Arizona's haunted hotels. This time, a spectral gentleman at the Copper Queen Hotel provided aromatic evidence of his presence by the smell of cigar smoke wafting from the second-floor haunted stairway during the photo shoot. Maack lives in Phoenix.

EERIE INNS
The sun sets on the Copper Queen Hotel (above) in Bisbee, while an empty chair awaits another victim—uhh—guest in the Hassayampa Inn's Room 426 (right).



SOMEBODY SAID BOO SOMEBODY SAID BOO SOMEBODY SAID BOO SOMEBODY SAID BOO SOMEBODY SAID BOO

The Copper Queen Hotel

Location: 11 Howell Ave., Bisbee.

Additional Ghosts: A cigar-smoking man, often detected by the aroma of his stogie; a former female employee who helps out during busy times by watching the front door; a family dressed for winter; and a curious little boy, usually seen, and played with, by other children.
Additional Information: (520) 432-2216;
www.copperqueen.com.

GHOSTLY GUESTHOUSE

Hazy afternoon light adds an eerie ambience to the exterior of the Copper Queen Hotel (right), where it's said that seven ghosts reside.

HORDES OF ORBS

Light filters through the windows of the bar at the Copper Queen Hotel (below) making it appear that floating white orbs, which some people believe are spirits from the afterlife, fill the room.



Hassayampa Inn

Location: 122 E. Gurley St., Prescott

Additional Ghosts: A man lost in thought lurking near the lobby fireplace, a man in a top hat who sits at the bar and the night watchman who makes late-night rounds jiggling door handles.
Additional Information: Toll-free (800) 322-1927;
www.hassayampainn.com.



WE'LL LEAVE A LIGHT ON FOR YOU

The Hassayampa Inn's "haunted" Room 426 (top) sits innocently empty. Some guests and employees have reported seeing an apparition float down the hotel's fourth floor hallways.

WATCH YOUR STEP

At Bisbee's Copper Queen Hotel, some guests say they feel a presence and smell cigar smoke in the empty stairwell (left).

MIRROR, MIRROR

Who knows if the Hassayampa Inn's resident ghost, Faith, still sees her reflection in the mirror of Room 426 (above, right), where she spent her honeymoon 80 years ago?



BE OUR GHOST

A warm fire greets guests and ghosts in the beautifully appointed lobby of the Hassayampa Inn.



SOMEBODY SAID BOO SOMEBODY SAID BOO SOMEBODY SAID BOO SOMEBODY SAID BOO SOMEBODY SAID BOO

Boo

Hotel Monte Vista

Location: 100 N. San Francisco St., Flagstaff.

Additional Ghosts: A little boy who wanders the halls, a waltzing couple seen on the dance floor of the lounge and the "Meat Man," a longtime boarder who died in his room and was known for hanging raw meat from his chandelier. Additional Information: Toll-free (800) 545-3068; www.hotelmontevista.com.

HEAVEN ABOVE

Innocent cherubs (top) watch over an elevator at Flagstaff's Hotel Monte Vista.

ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK

Purportedly, a spirited waltzing couple sometimes occupies the dance floor of the Hotel Monte Vista's lounge (above).

HAUNTED HALLWAY

Western film legend John Wayne reported having a close encounter with a ghost in this hallway (right) at the Hotel Monte Vista.

online Explore more spooky spots at arizonahighways.com by clicking on the "Haunted Arizona Guide."

MYSTERY CASTLE OF THE DESERT

Near South Mountain in Phoenix,
a father's last gift keeps on giving

BY JOBETH JAMISON PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MAACK

In 1948, a writer and a photographer from *Life* magazine sought treasure in the Arizona desert—and found it. Awaiting them at the base of South Mountain was a peculiar fortress they'd been hearing about, crafted from colorful rocks, flagstone, discarded materials and homemade mortar. Outside, balconies and towers with mismatched windows caught distant views of a budding Phoenix. Inside, the 18 cavernous rooms and dungeon, complete with a trapdoor, were filled to the railroad tie-rafters with dust-laden knickknacks, scraps and strange junk.

Stranger still were the people they encountered: a mother and daughter, standing in front of a homemade sign offering \$1 tours of the Mystery Castle.

The ensuing *Life* article told of Boyce Luther Gulley, an aspiring architect. Gulley lived with his wife, Fran, and daughter, Mary Lou, in Seattle, Washington, until he contracted tuberculosis in 1929, when Mary Lou was just a toddler. Not wanting to burden his family, he disappeared. For years, the devastated mother and daughter presumed their errant patriarch to be dead. Many years later, bitter word came that, indeed, Boyce had

died, but not right away and not from tuberculosis. He'd shaken TB in Arizona and built his daughter a castle, but died of cancer before he could show it to her.

Upon discovering that her father had left her a castle, Mary Lou, then a teenager, charted a one-way course to the desert, like Boyce himself had done. She and her mother would spend the rest of their days overlooking the Valley of the Sun, while overseeing what would become a popular tourist destination.

Imagine a historic home tour, a secondhand store, an antiques shop, a museum and an Old West movie studio all rolled into one, and you can begin to conjure the experience of the Mystery Castle. Inside the black iron gates, the soul of an artist whispers at every



HIDDEN IN THE HILLSIDE An early example of eco-minded mansions, the Mystery Castle blends into the South Mountain foothills (left). Inside, armored “guards” keep watch over the cellar where Boyce Luther Gulley buried treasure for his daughter to find after she had lived in the castle for one year. More than 50 years later, Mary Lou Gulley (above, right with her prize-winning memoir) still occupies the main house.



when you go

Location: 800 E. Mineral Road, Phoenix.

Getting There: Take Central Avenue south to South Mountain. Turn left onto Mineral Road, just before the entrance to the South Mountain Park/Preserve, and continue to the castle.

Hours: Tours, Thursday through Saturday, 11 A.M. to 4 P.M., October through mid-June, depending on weather.

Fees: \$5.

Travel Advisory: Only the main part of the castle (Mary Lou's living quarters) is equipped with air conditioning. Depending on the season, the rest of the castle can produce extremes of hot and cold. Dress appropriately, wear sunscreen and bring water. Tours may be contingent on Mary Lou's health. Call in advance.

Additional Information: (602) 268-1581.

turn. Despite its architectural defiance, the maroon-trimmed castle, much like its inhabitants, is in harmony with everything around it—so much so that it almost hides in plain sight. Inset with a hodgepodge of story-rich tiles, colorful glass and unusual trinkets, the pale stones are stacked into fairytale shapes, each designed to maximize daylight, shadow and stunning views. The castle stands not just as a bastion of Boyce Luther Gulley's creativity—it's a testament to his frugal genius. That 1948 *Life* magazine story boosted the fledgling roadside attraction to “must see” status. But the whole story is best told by Mary Lou herself—not just during the daily castle tours that the octogenarian still helps conduct, but also in her 1952 book titled, *My Mystery Castle*. What began as a diary ultimately became a Mark Twain Award-winning memoir.

“I just wrote it like I lived it,” says the feeble but feisty and funny Mary Lou. In the castle's main house, she sits amid her treasures of stuffed animals, priceless family heirlooms, a “pet rock” collection, and portraits of both her and her father, thumbing the well-worn pages of her book. “It's the way I felt about things.”

Now, with the verdant sprawl of a golf course nipping at the property boundary and modern amenities just a few blocks away, it's hard to imagine the Mystery Castle once made for truly hard living, especially for two women who had previously been surrounded by the cool climate and creature comforts of Seattle. Then there were just creatures: coyotes, scorpions, spiders, centipedes and snakes, to name a few. The summers were scorching and the winters were bone-chilling. The castle was dirty and lacked running water, electricity and plumbing, though none of that seemed to deter the interest of conniving local landowners, lawyers and bandits making their way through the desert.

While Mary Lou had always dreamed of owning a castle, the reality proved much different. Her diary reflects a heartbroken but hopeful young woman who had to grow up quickly.

“Yeah, we had adult voices out here, believe me. Real loud ones sometimes,” Mary Lou recalls with a chuckle. They'd shout: “Get off my property, or I'll shoot!”

Worried for Fran and Mary Lou's safety out in the savage West, Mary Lou's grandmother Florency Bradford dispatched longtime family friend Frank Herberger from Minnesota to the Mystery Castle. He helped run the place and served as a sort of protector

against the many elements, especially local landowners, working against the Gulley women. He helped Mary Lou grow a thick skin by teaching her to shoot a rifle and to stand her ground.

The combination of lots of misery and little money, however, made Mary Lou consider shooting her gift horse of an inheritance in the mouth.

But her mother encouraged the damsel in distress to persevere. An enterprising lady, Fran decided to turn their new home into a tourist attraction to make ends meet.

“Fran was the idealist and dreamer, and I was the child of hard earth. It was she who viewed the Castle with the eyes of an artist's family,” Mary Lou wrote in her book. Fran once told her, “I have a psychic feeling it will grow on you.”

It didn't just grow on her. Today, Mary Lou is synonymous with her father's opus. “I think down deep inside that I would have stayed no matter what because this was all I had of my father. I hardly knew him,” she says.

Boyce Luther Gulley built the Mystery Castle, and ever since its rightful heir assumed the throne, people have come to experience the story for themselves.

“I like to write about what I know,” says Mary Lou. “I think that's why I got the award for [the book]—because it was true.”

Her book, which inspired a 1999 Emmy award-winning documentary, has been out of print for the past two decades. But Mary Lou, who has arranged for her historic landmark to live on through a foundation after she's gone, hopes the humorous and gifted account of her extraordinary life as a desert “princess” will find its way to a new generation of readers very soon. Publishers are considering a reprint, and movie studios are pondering a film, which could turn the South Mountain sight into a goldmine. In the meantime, the priceless Mary Lou Gulley and her Mystery Castle keep gaining interest. **AH**

Before she visited the Mystery Castle, JoBeth Jamison was told that Mary Lou Gulley had been ill, and her devoted helpers feared she wouldn't last much longer. That was more than two years ago, and it was JoBeth who, after spending an afternoon under the spell of Mary Lou's gifted storytelling and relentless humor, almost died—laughing. Jamison lives in Sedona.

Extraordinary lives, wonderful stories and a magical place provided intriguing subjects for Richard Maack's camera and an enjoyable couple of days wandering the grounds of the Mystery Castle. He lives in Phoenix.

Night of the Dancing Dead

DEATH DANCES LIKE A MAN WITH SQUIRRELS IN HIS PANTS.

DEATH flails wild and unpredictable, shimmies rubber-legged and twitchy, hopelessly beyond the reach of the beat. Death, it occurs to me, couldn't carry Fred Astaire's cummerbund. THE PIRATE, however, not only cuts a rug, he carves it into eye-catching shapes. With a nurse and a cheerleader spinning around him in tight orbit, the pirate wheels across the dance floor with a sultry grace, the envy of everyone watching. PERCHED ON the dark cusp of Halloween, the town of Jerome bristles with Death, pirates, ghosts, ghouls, guys in dresses, wizards, witches, creepy (like there's another kind) clowns and hordes of other costumed revelers.

Jerome jiggles and **shines** as Halloween Capital of Arizona

BY ROGER NAYLOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM MARSHALL

SHEER MADNESS At Paul & Jerry's Saloon in Jerome (above), which opened in 1887, the pool table turns into a vortex of skeletons and goblins on Halloween night. A pirate (right) stands on Broad Street as passersby search for spooky fun.

We've gathered in the community center known simply as Spook Hall for the annual Volunteer Fire Department Halloween Dance, a Jerome tradition for more than three decades. All night a weird funky scene unfolds with snippets of brain-jangling imagery hinted at during strobe flashes. Is that Eddie Munster smooching Snow White? No way that's going to cheer up Grumpy.

Edgar Allan Poe's grand-nephew, Matthew Poe, donating his time as bartender, pours me a glass of Coke. I tip a buck because I don't want him sealing me into a makeshift tomb in his wine cellar. Ha! I bet he never tires of hearing that one. The band launches into a scorching version of a Stevie Ray Vaughn tune, and a woman behind me says, "Ooh, I want to dance, but I'll have to take off my tail first." It doesn't strike me as the least bit odd.

I hit the moon-splashed streets where a zombie, a chicken and Spiderman are having a smoke. I swing into Paul & Jerry's Saloon for a game of pool. A guy with a hatchet lodged in his head trounces me. Any idea how embarrassing that is? I drown my sorrows with another Coke. The guy who serves me used to be mayor. A leprechaun shovels quarters in the jukebox while a man wearing a bathrobe cracks a skeleton's back. Welcome to Jerome.

Unless you're 8 years old and going door-to-door scoring sackfuls of sugary swag, this is the best Halloween experience in the state. Other towns celebrate Halloween; Jerome marinates in the joyous indulgence of it.

"It's never too late to have a happy childhood," proclaims Jerome resident Deborah Mongeon, adorned as a bouquet of roses. "That's what brings people to Jerome in the first place, the creative energy and freedom to be yourself."

Spackled into the seams of the steep slope of Cleopatra Hill, Jerome teeters more than a mile in the air. The vertical burg established boomtown credentials back when the copper mines churned out a billion dollars' worth of ore. In the 1920s, some 15,000 toe-clenched residents sneered at gravity long enough to call Jerome their home.

Yet the blasting in the mines and the network of underground tunnels took a toll as buildings collapsed and others slid down the hill. World War II marked the last copper boomlet, and

already Jerome was falling into disrepair. When the last mine closed in 1953, the citizens scattered—all except a few dozen hearty and ornery souls who stayed put. They formed a historical society and began patching the scars and knitting the bones of this tumbledown town. They also declared Jerome a ghost city.

During the 1960s, Jerome experienced a counterculture renaissance—a polite way of saying hippies moved in. They snapped up real estate on the cheap, opened shops, restaurants and art galleries and most importantly, injected Jerome with the relaxed, carefree vibe still prevalent.

Tombstone, another former mining camp-turned-tourist destination, bills itself as "The Town Too Tough to Die." Jerome's motto, if they ever bothered to adopt one, would probably run along the lines of "Dead, Schmed. Let's Party!"

When residents resurrected the fire department in the early 1970s, they threw a dance to raise money. These days the sprawling block party engulfs the town. Crowds flock to the festivities with many reserving rooms for the next Halloween before checking out.

"Almost all the buildings have ghosts or ghost stories. And everybody likes to party in a haunted town," says fire chief Terry Molloy. "Something about wearing a costume lets people get a little crazy. Not that they need an excuse around here."

Indeed. We've roared past midnight into the wee hours. On the street, Wonder Woman clomps past me in red platform boots complaining about aching feet and the fact that she's dated every eligible man in town. A harem girl laments bygone days when someone—perhaps in the throes of spirits more liquid than ethereal—would always try climbing the flagpole.

I encounter a pack of big-coiffed Elvises sporting matching jumpsuits waiting to squeeze into the Spirit Room where another band rattles the rafters. Every year all seven of them drive from Phoenix just to seize this night.

"We look forward to this for months," a female Elvis confides. "This is the only party that matters." **AW**

If Cottonwood resident Roger Naylor could relive his childhood, he would go out every Halloween dressed as his childhood hero, Bugs Bunny.

For photographer Jim Marshall of Scottsdale, experiencing Halloween in the streets of Jerome was the eccentric "mother of all parties."

'Ooh, I want to dance, but I'll have to take off my tail first.'



WICKED FUN Eight witches lean over the railing and offer tricks and treats to fellow revelers.

ALL SHOOK UP Seven Elvises sporting matching jumpsuits (right) travel from Phoenix every year to partake in Jerome's Halloween festivities.

NO VACANCY The Jerome Grand Hotel (below) originally built as a hospital during the town's copper boom, now provides hotel accommodations and fine dining at the Asylum Restaurant, one of wine-lovers' favorite places.



HEAD TURNER The Invisible Man (left), who is really a woman, strolls into Paul & Jerry's Saloon, turning patrons' heads.



'...everybody likes to party in a haunted town.'

SLITHERING CELEBRANT Three partiers dress up the night with a scary creature that can slither its way to the festivities.

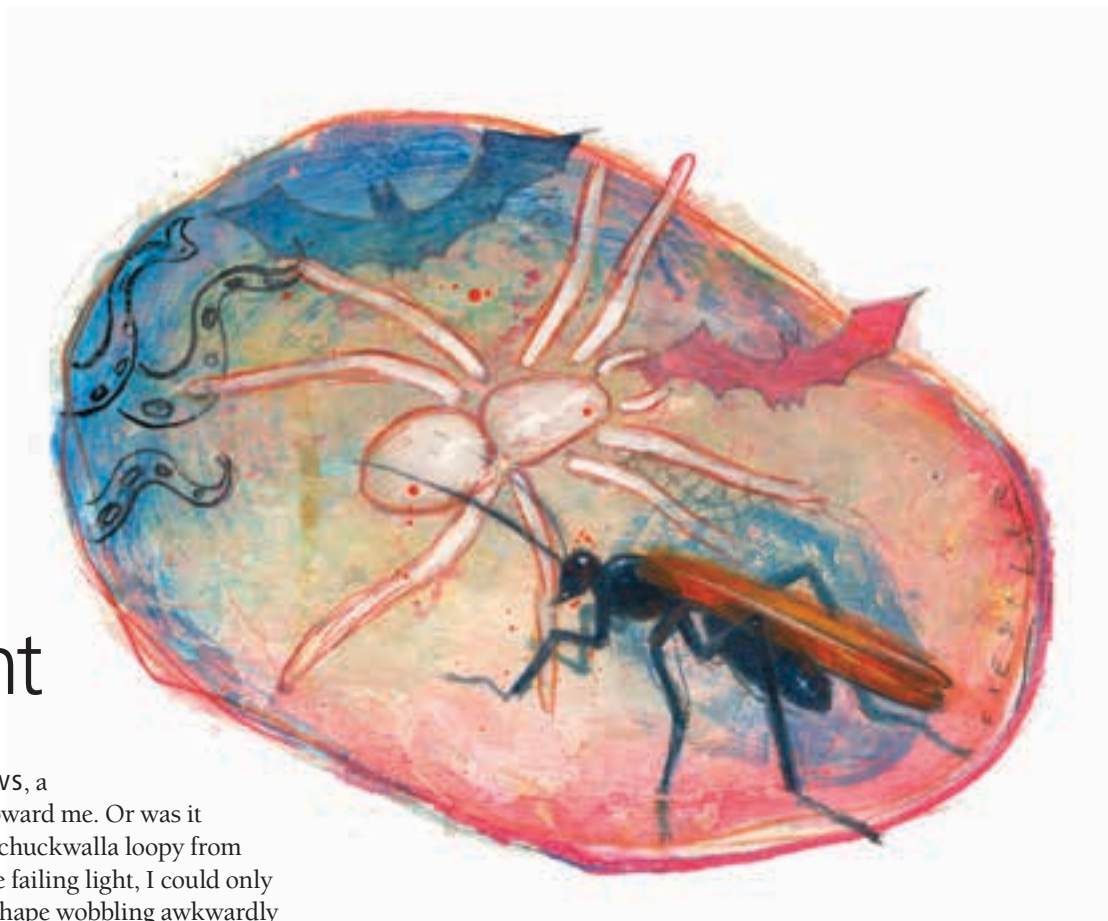


online For more Jerome adventures, visit arizonahighways.com and click on "Getaway."

when you go

Location: About 110 miles from Phoenix.
Getting There: From Phoenix, drive north on Interstate 17 for 75 miles to State Route 260 at Exit 287. Turn left (west) onto State 260 and drive 14 miles to Cottonwood. In Cottonwood, turn left (west) onto State Route 89A and drive 10 miles to Jerome.
Lodging: Connor Hotel, toll-free (800) 523-3554; www.connorhotel.com. The Jerome Grand Hotel, toll-free (888) 817-6788; www.jeromegrandhotel.net. Ghost City Inn, toll-free (888) 634-4678, (928) 634-4678; www.ghostcityinn.com.
Dining: The Asylum, a self-described "restaurant on the fringe," doesn't require guests to wear straightjackets, (928) 639-3197; www.theasylum.biz. The Haunted Hamburger dishes up juicy burgers and sandwiches along with flavorsome views, (928) 634-0554. Belgian Jennie's Bordello Bistro & Pizzeria specializes in Italian food, (928) 639-3141; www.belgianjennies.com.
Things to Do: Re-creating tales from Jerome's violent past, the Jerome Historical Society conducts a ghost walk, (928) 639-1066; www.jeromehistoricalsociety.org. The Asylum Restaurant is lavishly and ghoulishly decorated the entire month of October and celebrates with a party on Halloween night, (928) 639-3197; www.theasylum.biz. The Volunteer Fire Department holds a Halloween Dance the Saturday before Halloween, (928) 649-3034; www.jeromefd.org. Get soulful during the annual Halloween dance at The Spirit Room, (928) 634-8809; www.spiritroom.com.
Additional Information: Jerome Chamber of Commerce, (928) 634-2900; www.jeromechamber.com.

Things That Go Bump in the Night



OUT OF THE EVENING SHADOWS, a humpbacked gopher staggered toward me. Or was it a skunk with a peg leg? Maybe a chuckwalla loopy from too much sun? Squinting into the failing light, I could only make out some ungainly critter-shape wobbling awkwardly across the yard.

One of those riotous post-monsoon sunsets lured me out to the patio. I watched the sky fill with mad, startling swirls of color, like Van Gogh emptying his pockets at the police station. Then with the veil of dusk spreading, I saw what seemed to be a two-headed packrat lurching toward me. Finally, the suspense pulled me from my chair, and I crept through the twilight for a better look.

Great jumping cholla! Suddenly I felt like Jeff Corwin going nose-to-nose with dangerous wildlife. At my feet was a tarantula hawk with a spider the size of a cantaloupe in tow.

Tarantula hawks are 2-inch-long, fearsome wasps. The females hunt tarantulas with up to 7-inch leg spans, tracking them by smell and immobilizing them with a potent sting. The wasp drags the spider back to a burrow, lays an egg on the spider's abdomen and plugs the burrow with soil. Upon hatching, the larva feeds on the spider, eventually bursting forth and devouring it. And get this: The sting does not kill the spider. The hapless arachnid remains paralyzed, but alive, while all this unfolds.

It's a cruel end for the tarantula. So naturally I sprinted inside for my camera. Not for me, but for the kids—all two dozen of them—who would want to relive every gruesome moment.

My sister teaches third grade in Cincinnati, and when I travel back for a family visit, I speak to her class about life in the desert. A good lecturer always gives an audience what it wants and, in the case of that squirmy crowd, they want gross, gory and, above all, *scary*. They listen politely for a few minutes about the wonders of the saguaro cactus and the stark majesty

of the landscape. After that I'd better whip up a rattlesnake for them, or at least a horned lizard that spurts blood from its eyes. (Yes, in Arizona, we have those, too.)

Fortunately, I am loaded with rattler stories and reel them off at the slightest provocation. Tales of my Gila monster encounters bewitch even the most jaded video-gamers among the class, who sit popeyed, ears pricked like coyote pups.

Mountain lions, bobcats, bats, black widows, giant desert centipedes and killer bees enthrall these jelly-faced cherubs from the Midwest. They squeal with delight over dung beetles and love scorpions. But nothing elicits the chorus of "Cooool!" and "Ewww!" like tales of tarantulas, the spiders that crawl right out of horror movies and into their imaginations. Now, even more menacing than tarantulas, they can hear about the wasps that hunt them.

By this time in their young lives, the kids have had the "big talk" with their parents. Not *that* "big talk." The other "big talk," about how there's no such thing as monsters. No bogeymen, or closet-lurking ghouls or tentacled aliens hiding under the bed just waiting to grab wrists or ankles dangled carelessly over the side. Everything that goes bump in the night gets explained away. Yet these young souls are not quite ready to buy into that mundane reality.

Then I come along, with my tales of poisonous lizards and winged beasts dragging huge paralyzed spiders off into the darkness, and they are vindicated. It's okay to be scared sometimes.

It's okay because whether they have four, six, eight legs or none at all, monsters *do* exist, even if only in an exotic faraway land known as the desert. ■

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Hike View Point Trail

THE LAST TIME I VISITED Mingus Mountain in Prescott National Forest, I saw crazy people jumping off its highest cliff. They were hang gliding. To the best of my knowledge they landed safely, although

I didn't stick around to peer over the edge and see for myself. I feared the whirling wind would hurl me over the side, too, without benefit of wings and a crash helmet. This time, even with

scant wind blowing, I kept thinking of those hang gliders as I hiked down View Point Trail from the Mingus Mountain Campground. Especially in its early going, the trail descends at a sharp angle, and a good rain had recently fallen.

I defy anyone to attempt

SEE FOR MILES The town of Cottonwood glitters into view below the aptly named View Point Trail in Prescott National Forest (above).

this plunging, slick, rock-strewn course with bifocals and not imagine taking a false step into eternity.

But isn't that whiff of danger part of the fun?

Designated Trail 106 in Forest Service trail guides, its top allows visitors an eagle's look at the breadth of the Verde Valley. The view includes the blossoming town of Cottonwood, the famous red cliffs of Sedona to the east, the San Francisco Peaks on the north, and far out amid the mist, a grand panorama that probably encompasses 30 miles of mountainous Arizona.

I've always considered this view one of the best in the state's central region. It offers a different thrill every few moments, depending on the weather and the season.

My trip came in mid-September, just days before the colors of Mingus' maple and oak trees turn the whole mountain into a picture book. But evidence of fall abounded. Yellow and purple wildflowers dotted the meadows, and I saw patches of light gray on the green of the mountain slopes. I knew those grays would soon explode to the brightest oranges, reds and yellows.

At the peak, I enjoyed watching a rainstorm develop over the valley, first with occasional flashes of lightning splitting the sky, then with the arrival of bulging black clouds as the storm dropped its payload onto Flagstaff. With beams of sunlight streaming through low-hanging clouds, it looked as if the old town was getting a lecture from on high.

Recent rains had brought thick greenery to the slopes at my feet. But the colors changed as the landscape plunged to the valley floor, going from money-green to sun-washed tan and a very pale pink—more evidence of the impending fall.

Even as I descended from the trailhead and felt the embrace of the cliffs around me, the Verde Valley

MORNING HERALD Dawn peeks over the Bradshaw Mountains, casting a warm glow that drapes the Verde Valley in north-central Arizona.

still looked vague and unfathomable, hardly a place of booming growth. But that changed again when the intermittent sun found the steel of a passing vehicle, and threw back a sparkle of light like a wink from civilization.

Don't try enjoying these sights while walking. The narrowness of the trail won't permit it, and neither will the tight switchbacks, which paperclip off the mountain's east side in quick succession.

The View Point Trail offers a number of boulders on which to sit and let the day pass, a nice respite. But if you're like me, and have wobbly legs, this isn't optional. The trail's down-slope, at 1.9 miles, is moderately challenging, at least in comparison to the return hike, which can be downright painful.

The Forest Service warns that the View Point Trail descends sharply for the first three-quarters of a mile. At 1.35 miles, the trail intersects with Trail 105A. After this, Trail 106 descends more gradually and ends on Forest Service Road 413. Hikers interested in looping back to the Mingus Mountain Campground area can do so along Trail 105A or Trail 105.

The uphill portion turned my legs to railroad ties, and I had to stop several times to catch my breath. The elevation at the trailhead hovers around 7,600 feet, and at the trail's bottom, where it intersects with FR 413, the elevation is 6,000 feet. That climb can leave any desert dweller struggling in the thin air.

But the views make the effort worthwhile, even for those facing old age without wings and a crash helmet. **AH**

trail guide

Length: 1.9 miles, one-way.

Elevation Drop: The trail drops 1,600 feet from top to bottom.

Difficulty: Moderate.

Payoff: Spectacular views.

Location: On Mingus Mountain, between Jerome and Prescott.

Getting There: Drive north from Phoenix on Interstate 17 to Camp Verde, then take State Route 260 northwest to Cottonwood, a total of 106 miles. From Cottonwood, take State Route 89A west up the side of Mingus Mountain to Jerome and follow it through town. This paved, winding road peaks at 7,023 feet. Turn left onto Forest Service Road 104 and drive 2.5 miles on this climbing dirt road to a four-way stop at the Mingus Mountain Campground. This intersection is .2 of a mile past the entrance to the Mingus Mountain United Methodist Camp. The View Point trailhead is located off the parking lot straight ahead.

Travel Advisory: Always carry plenty of water, at least 1 gallon per day per person. This trail is popular in the spring, summer and fall.

Additional Information: Prescott National Forest, Camp Verde District, (928) 567-4121; www.fs.fed.us/r3/prescott/recreation/family_cg/mingusmntn.



online Before you go on this hike, visit arizonahighways.com for other things to do and places to see in this area. You'll also find more hikes in our archive.

Cutting Corners Through the Carrizo Mountains

A fair-weather road runs through Navajoland

SOMETIMES YOU SHOULD cut corners, and a good one to cut is from Rock Point on the Navajo Nation to Sweetwater, then on to Pastora Peak. Not

the fastest route, but it does showcase the unending vistas of Navajoland with a detour to folk art and a vivid culture. At Rock Point, where the

red rock-faced trading post is the gas station, laundry, grocery store and post office, my husband, Richard, and I take U.S. Route 191 a short distance to Indian Route 35. Paved for the first 7 miles, the road climbs a mesa and then turns to dirt. The red rock country fades to the south, and we wind through washes and over flat grazing lands scattered with occasional Navajo homes and traditional hogans. We often see horses, cattle, sheep and roping arenas since livestock is the

chief source of income here. Indian 35 is a fair-weather road. It's a beautiful fall day, and we make about 25 mph. But when it rains, the washes become roiling streams and the dirt turns to tire-hugging mud. After the pavement ends, we follow the road past mesas, their top layers so straight they seem drawn with a ruler. By contrast, the bottom layers are convulsed and vaulted, an indication of the turbulent geological history of this peaceful region.

A LIGHT TOUCH Sunlight warms the interior of a small Puebloan ruin near Rock Point on the Navajo Indian Reservation. Some believe that the Puebloan culture's ruins are the best-preserved ruins in North America.

meeting places. Sweetwater, more a scattering of houses than an actual town, is home to several Indian artists, who create jewelry, weave rugs and fashion witty, whimsical forms of Navajo folk art. Mainly carved from soft wood, the folk art ranges from dramatic to humorous, including laughing horses, fuzzy sheep and wildly colored carved chickens with cornhusk tail feathers.

Before the mid-1980s, only a few Navajos carved in wood, usually just the Navajo singer called a *hataalii* who performed ceremonies. But then in 1961, Charlie Willetto, the unofficial father of Navajo Folk Art, traded one of his first pieces for flour and sugar at the Lybrook (New Mexico) Trading Post. Today, his early works sell for more than \$30,000.

We're lucky enough to meet up with Ray Growler, a well-known artist who creates sheep figures and whose work graces the Smithsonian American Art Museum in Washington, D.C., and the Heard Museum in Phoenix.

He's just finished an angora goat figure that stands about 2 feet high, and he explains his processes to us. After curing and tanning the woolly sheep hide he buys from his neighbors, he stretches it over a dried aspen frame, crafts a face from hide then attaches actual horns.

Leaving Growler to his artwork, we continue east until we come to an intersection with a four-way stop. Signs indicate that Immanuel Mission is 4 miles to the right; Indian Route 5047 goes straight. We turn left (north) to stay on unmarked Indian 35. The road climbs until we see 6,627-foot Toh Atin Mesa ("No Water Mesa") to the west, the distant Sleeping Ute Mountain in Colorado and the Carrizos looming to the east. In about 2 miles, we pass a road on the left with a sign indicating it leads to the Sweetwater Word of Life Christian Center.

Reaching pavement at U.S. Route 160, we turn left .3 of a mile later for a sidetrip to Red Mesa Trading Post. Obviously

named for the nearby mountain, the store sells loops of yarns for weavers, turquoise jewelry, yard goods, snacks and gasoline.

Heading back east on U.S. 160, we move through a landscape dominated by the Carrizo Mountains. Approximately 10 miles from the trading post, we turn right onto an unsigned, well-used dirt road. After crossing a cattle guard, we look to our left and see a windmill and water tank about 500 yards away. In another 1.7 miles, a green house with red trim sits on the left.

Rising steadily, we are out of the grasslands and into the piñons and cedars in 2 miles. Although the road becomes rough, we see parked vehicles. Some Navajos have risked the rocky road to come here to pick piñon nuts, a staple of the Ancestral Puebloan (Anasazi) diet.

ON TO ROCK POINT In the distance, Toh Atin Mesa catches morning's first light. Ephedra plants line the well-used roadway that steers a northeasterly path toward Rock Point.



NAVAJO SUPERCENTER The red-and-white Red Mesa Trading Post serves as a center for Navajo trading near the Utah border. The trading post combines a grocery store, gas station, laundry and post office.



Today, many Navajos sell the piñons along the roadside and to trading posts.

We pass a rock spray-painted with the words, “GAS AND FOOD 1 MILE”—obviously a joke. The remote area doesn’t have facilities, but the scenery is worth the trip. The road now takes to serious climbing as canyons slice

travel tips

Vehicle Requirements: High-clearance, four-wheel drive recommended.
Warning: Back-road travel can be hazardous, so be aware of weather and road conditions. While in the Navajo Indian Nation, do not travel off road, disturb livestock or visit private residents. Carry plenty of water and don’t travel alone. Let someone know where you’re going and when you plan to return.
Additional Information: Some travel on the Navajo Indian Nation may require permits. Check with the Navajo Parks and Recreation Department, (928) 871-6647; www.navajonationparks.org.

the mountainside. Patches of golden aspen and red oak bushes break the expanse of pine forest. Several small herds of deer seem in no hurry to get out of our way.

Uranium is plentiful in the Carrizos, but the tribe doesn’t allow mining. According to tradition, the Carrizos, along with the Lukachukai and Chuska mountains to the south, constitute a male figure. The Carrizos form his legs. The figure helps the Navajos and can’t fulfill its purpose if its legs are cut off.

Finally reaching a communications tower high on a peak, we can see the

light-colored, uplifted Dakota sandstone. Blue-green sage has managed to find enough soil to root between the rocks. On the windy peak we study the wispy clouds called mare’s tails, which look painted with a fine brush.

The map notes Pastora Peak at 9,386 feet elevation, and our GPS unit indicates 9,204. Several of the nearby points appear to be slightly higher, so we’re probably not actually atop Pastora Peak itself, but the view encompasses pieces of Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. In the far west, the buttes of Monument Valley guard the northern

edge of the Navajo Nation.

The sun is getting low and it’s time to get off Pastora Peak before dark. Backtracking, we see Navajos loading bags of piñon nuts into pickup trucks and pass the track team from Red Mesa High School sweating their way up the steep road. The teenagers are doing cross-country training, but we are happy just doing some cross-country corner cutting in Navajoland. **AM**

SHADES OF CHINLE Narrow-leaf yucca plants punctuate the petrified sand dunes stretching into Chinle Valley, while sunset showcases the color bands permeating the canyon’s landscape.

route finder

Note: Mileages are approximate.

- > **Begin at Rock Point Trading Post**, located on U.S. Route 191 approximately 15 miles south of U.S. Route 160 or 47 miles north of Chinle.
- > **Drive north on U.S. 191** for .5 of a mile to Indian Route 35, marked by a sign.
- > **Turn right** (east) onto Indian 35. In 6.7 miles, the pavement ends.
- > **At 13.1 miles** from trading post, cross a one-lane bridge.
- > **At 16.7 miles** from trading post, pass by Sweetwater Chapter House on left.
- > **At 18.8 miles** from trading post, Indian 35 comes to a stop sign at an intersection.
- > **Turn left** (north) to remain on 35.
- > **At 28.4 miles** from trading post, 35 comes to an intersection with U.S. Route 160 at Milepost 450.
- > **Turn left** (west) for .3 of a mile trip to Red Mesa Trading Post.
- > **Leaving the trading post**, turn left (east) onto U.S. 160.
- > **At .7 of a mile past Milepost 459** turn right (south) onto unmarked Indian Route 5034. (Note: Indian 5034 begins about .3 of a mile before a windmill and water tank. Another unmarked dirt road parallel to 5034 runs immediately south of the windmill.)
- > **Indian 5034** generally is a rocky road, but it has stretches without a rock base that become extremely slick after a rain.
- > **Drive 14.3 miles** to communications towers.
- > **Backtrack on 5034** to 160. Turn right for Teec Nos Pos in 5 miles or left for Kayenta in 65 miles.



